THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE Calves-Head Club, OR THE REPUBLICAN UNMASQ'D;

Wherein is fully ſhewn

The Religion of the CALVES-HEAD Heroes, In their Anniverſary Thankſgiving Songs on the Thirtieth of *January*, by them called

ANTHEMS;

For the Years 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697.

NOW PUBLISHED,

To demonſtrate the Reſtleſs, Implacable Spirit of a certain Party ſtill among us, who are never to be ſatisfied till the preſent Eſtabliſhment in Church and State is ſubverted.

The Fourth Edition with Additions, Corrected.

Dedicated to the OBSERVATOR.

LONDON, Printed; and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, 1704.

Note, *Miſcelaneous Works written by his Grace* George *late Duke of* Buckingham, *containing Poems, Satyrs, Letters, and his Speeches in Parliament; with a Collection of Speeches by ſeveral Noble Peers and Commoners in the Three laſt Reigns.* Price 5 *s.*

34

THE

SECRET HISTORY

OF THE

Calves-Head Club.

OR THE

REPUBLICAN

UNMASQ'D;

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The Religion of the CALVES-HEAD Heroes,

In their Anniversary Thanksgiving Songs on the Thirtieth of January, by them called

ANTHEMS;

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[illegible] Gate George [illegible] Duke of [illegible] Letters, and [illegible] with a Collection of Memoirs by [illegible] Noble Lord and Commission [illegible] Tracts [illegible] Anno Primo [illegible]

To the Grave and Worshipful

John Tutchin *Esq;*

OBSERVATOR.

AND

Censor Morum general:

Supervisor of the Admiralty Victualling-Office, Playhouse, *Bartholomew*-Fair, Bear-Garden, Defender of Parliaments and Protestant *March* Beer, *&c.*

May it please your Worship,

YOU see I address my self to you in the submissive and dutiful Language of your own *Country-man.*

There ought to be somewhat of *Propriety* between the *Present* made, and the *Person* for whom 'tis intended: Now the *Olivers*, the *Iretons*, the *Hewsons*, and the Generality of that Cursed Crue, are (Thanks be to the Heavens) some years since dead and rotten, and only surviving in the black

Annals of *Rebellion*, or the blacker Memories and Principles of of their accurſed Diſciples; I was at firſt heſitating whether this *Piece* might not be ſuitably addreſs'd to our Reverend and never-to-be-forgotten the *Salamanca Doctor*: But my ſerious Cogitations were interrupted by *News*, *News*, great and wondrous *News*, *London Gazette*, *Poſtman*, *Dayly Courrant* and *Obſervator*. In the humble Retirement of a ſolitary and diſtant Village, any thing goes on with us; but the Word *Obſervator* ſurpriz'd me to the laſt Degree. Sr. *Roger*, I knew, had lay'd down the Cudgels long ago, and what Genious cou'd or durſt undertake it now, after Dr. *Wellwoods* doing Pennance at the Bar of the *Houſe*, was my Amazement: I did you the *Juſtice* Sir, that was due to your Paper; that is, in one Word, I perus'd and diſpis'd it, but did not repent my Purchaſe; for it gave me a great Inſight into the Tempers of ſome People, who under the Cloak of *Reformation*, find Fault with every Man, Woman, and Child that is not of their *Party*, and wou'd ſlyly inſinuate to the World, that every uncommon *Diſpoſition* of the Heavens, is a *Malediction* and Judgment upon the Land, becauſe the beſt regulated *Communion* in the Univerſe, will not betray it's *Rights*, and be Partakers of their *Hypocriſy*. Theſe are thoſe Pious Creatures that make a wry Face at a Poppit Show, yet can Juſtify cutting of Throats; that think a *Play Houſe* prophane, and vindicate *Regicides*; that are for introducing new Methods in ſinning, and by a Piece of ill Husbandry, peculiar to themſelves, muſt needs make two Vices one, and tack the Hypocriſy to their other Iniquities: Such *Impoſitions* are intollerable, and the more ſo, becauſe the *Obſtinacy* of theſe, *Wou'd be Saints*, is invincible.

We cannot but remark how the Leaven of the *Phariſes* has ſpread its *Contagion* through all your *Papers*! With what two *handed*, as well as two *edg'd* Weapons you make your Attacques! how you take as many Opportuities of abuſing your *Gracious* and *Lawful Soveraign* as praiſing Her! Your nauſeous unhallow'd Incenſe is more unſufferable, than that pretented Folly and Weakneſs you ſo continually beſpater her *Miniſters* with. If

you continne to give your ſelf ſuch Airs, you may in ſom time come to an unhappy aw, tho' *Verry* merited *Dilemma* and find your ſelf at laſt reduc'd to the *Infamous* Neceſſity of *Petitioning* to be *Hang'd*. We are not without a living Inſtance of one in ſuch Circumſtances; and who found his *Villainies* ſo deteſtable, that to make him carry the Weight of them ſtill about him, even ſuch a *Requeſt* was deny'd.

If your buſy Patrons the *Reformers* wou'd begin at home, we ſhou'd leſs ſuſpect their Practiſes. Religion has been the continual Plea for all ſorts of Parties, and Factions, and not only in the careleſs Ages, but even now, Godlineſs a great Gain to ſome ſort of Folks. Now the abovemention'd Grimaces, do but make a mockWar againſt the Devil, and employ their mercenary *Emiſaries* to ſin with Strangers, that they may more ſlily betray them afterwards; ſo that you firſt *Pervert*, and then as unreaſonably *puniſh*. Now, wou'd you adviſe your Country-man to drubb the Jackets of theſe Fellows with his Oaken Cudgel, it wou'd not be amiſs.

Several *Abuſes* you have deſervedly taken Notice of, you ſee I am for giving the Devil his due; and have ſo far been ſerviceable to the *Goverment* as it was highly neceſſary, ſuch *Irregularities* in Publick Offices ſhou'd be known, in Order to bring the *Delinquents* to condign Puniſhment. Hitherto your Pen ſhall meet with all poſſible Acknowledgment; but where *Deformation* is only intended, tho' *Reformation* is the Word, no honeſt Man will approve of the Management.

Publickly to to make a Shew of *Zeal* and *Piety*, and what not, a grave *Cant* of florid Words, tho' it amuſes the unthinking, yet we alaſs ſee through the *Varniſh*, and find all is not Gold that gliſters: For to encourage, nay, even to connive at a *Calves-Head-Club*, runs ſo much counter to ſuch fair Pretences, that they are as irreconſilable as Light and Darkneſs; this Publick Scandal to *Morality* and *Monarchy*, ſhews ſo inveterate and implacable an Averſion to *Crown'd Heads*, that cannot but give us as juſt an *Odium* for them that celebrate it, as theſe horrid Villains that perpetrated it.

Here

Here your Pen had met with a ſuitable Topic for your Satyr and Indignation; and as you are very well acquainted with their Practiſes, ſo your continued Silence upon that *Execrable* Theme, does more than convince us that you approve of it, and are *Secretary* to the Abominable Society of *King-killers.* What confirms us in this Opinion, your Worſhip ſome Years ago wrote a Copy of Verſes upon the burning *White-hall*, wherein you were pleaſed to obſerve the great Juſtice of Providence in the ſuffering the lewd and ſinful Part of that *Palace*, where K. *C.* the II. enjoy'd his Concubines, to be burnt down to the Ground, but reſerv'd that Noble Pile, Anglice the *Banquetting* Houſe, from whence an Arbitary Tyrant, meaning K. *C.* the I. was led to the Block to be a perpetual Spectacle to all Ages. On this Account, it was thought convenient to dedicate this *Piece* to you, that if it were poſſible you cou'd be ignorant of it, you might have no further an Excuſe for not informing your *Coun try-man* of ſuch inhumane and diabolical Practices; and in that you will ſhew *Your Queen* how great and juſt a Veneration you have for Her in the Care you take of vindicating Her *Auguſt*, tho' unhappy *Grand Father's* Aſhes.

I am

Your Worſhips Humble Admirer

as far as you deſerve,

William Philanax.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE *following Collection has been ſo induſtriouſly handed up and down, where it was thought it would be well received, and confirm thoſe Principles which too many have unhappily ſucked in, and raiſe the Confidence of thoſe who were thought too baſhful by their Party, that ſome honeſt Men have thought there could be no more Effectual Remedy for the Miſchief it might do, or any ſurer Way to ſtop the Career, than a Publication. For tho' many may preſume, that under the diſguiſe of Mirth, and the Protection of a Free Converſation, they might ſafely venture to make an Experiment how far the Poiſon wou'd work upon the Undeſcerning of untry'd Conſtitutians, eſpecially when Rhime and Muſick were the Vehicles, and* Under the Roſe *was the Word; yet it is believed, when the Malignity of the Draught is Publikly diſcover'd, few will venture upon it without a ſufficient Antidote; and fewer have the Hardineſs to Adminiſter it.*

Theſe Lines (for ſuch Ribbaldry and Traſh deſerve not the Name of Poems) were compos'd and ſet to Muſick for the Uſe of the Calves-Head Clubb, *which was erected by an Impudent Sett of People, who have their Feaſt of Calves-*

The PREFACE.

Heads in several Parts of the Town, on the 30th *of* January, *in Derision of the Day, and Defiance of Monarchy; at divers of which Meetings, the following Compositions were sung, and in Affront to the Church Call'd* Anthems. *These which are here Publish'd, are said to have been Written by Mr.* Benj. Bridgewater, *and that he was largely rewarded by the Members of the Club for his Pains. Whether Mr.* Stevens *was so well gratify'd for his Sermons to the same Tune, and on the same Daies, is more than the Publisher dares say, but perhaps the Pulpet was a Barr to his Pretentions, and the Poet had been better rewarded than the Preacher, had his Sermons been put into Rhime.*

However, it is hoped, that this Publication may give a Check to the Evil of the Example, and destroy the Continuance of the Practice, or at least give fair Warning, and take away the Pretence of Surprize from those who shall proceed to insult the Government in so Saucy and so Villainous a Manner.

But whatever the Success may be, the Publisher doubts not but his Intentions are justify'd, and wishes the Effect may demonstrate the Reasonableness of them, by putting an End to so Unchristian and Scandalous a Practice.

THE

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE Calves-Head Clubb,

When Erected, and where Kept, &c.

THIS a prodigious thing to consider, (and for the Honour of my Native Country, I wish I cou'd say it was a false imputation upon her) that the execrable Regicides of King *Charles* the First, shou'd find any Advocates or Abettors still among us.

I say 'tis prodigious, that after the whole Nation, by their Representatives in Parliament Assembled, has Enacted so solemn a detestation of this natural Parricide, and appointed a Day of Humiliation for it, to continue to all Ages of the World, there should be such a set of *Boutefews* yet remaining, so impudently audacious, as to justifie a Crime for which the Three Kingdoms have smarted so severely; and in their wicked merriment, to act over, as much as in them lies, that Tragical Scene, which has justly made us infamous in the remotest corners of the Universe.

Was

Was it not enough that a Powerful Prince, allied to moſt of the Crown'd Heads in Chriſtendom, was deſpoil'd of that juſt Authority, wherewith the Laws of God and Man had inveſted him, and laſtly of his Life; but that he muſt be moſt barbarouſly perſecuted after his Death, and ſuffer thoſe indignities in his Memory when dead, which he had ſo plentifully ſuffer'd in his Perſon when living?

There is a time when the moſt implacable malice is ſatiated, and exerts it ſelf no longer. The moſt ſavage Nations ſeldom or never carried their reſentments beyond the Grave; and thought it a piece of barbarous Cowardiſe, to inſult upon the Aſhes of thoſe that cou'd not ſpeak for themſelves.

But the Royal Martyr has been treated, if 'tis poſſible, with more inhumanity after his diſolation, than he was expoſed to when under the power of his Rebellious Subjects. He has not only been ſtigmatiz'd by the odious name of Tyrant, who was, in truth, the beſt and moſt merciful Father of his Country, and loaded with a Thouſand undeſerv'd Calumnies; but, what ſhows the reſtleſs malice of his Adverſaries, even that incomparable Book of Devotion, compos'd by him in his ſolitude and the time of his deepeſt Afflictions, and which no Pen but his one cou'd have written, has been adjudged from him by a * late mercenary Author; although 'tis certain, to any Man at leaſt that can diſtinguiſh Stiles, that the Perſon, to whom the Republicans aſcribe it, was no more capable of writing ſo excellent a Piece, than the aforeſaid Compiler of *Milton's* Life, of

* See *Toland's* Life of *Milton*.

Wri-

Writing an Orthodox Syſtem of the Myſteries of Chriſtianity.

Thus, as he was torn from his Queen and Children in his Life, he was Robb'd, as far as it lay in the power of his malicious Enemies, even of the legitimate iſſue of his Brain: Tho' as Truth, but eſpecially Truth injuriouſly oppreſs'd, never wants ſome genorous hands to defend its Cauſe; ſo all the Arguments that have been uſed by the Republicans, to prove it a ſpurious piece, have been fully anſwer'd by a worthy * Divine now living, beyond all poſſibility of a Reply.

The Barbarity of his Enemies ſtopt hot here; for not content to have Aſſaſſinated his Perſon and Reputation, they even diſpoſſeſſed him of his Sepulcher (a piece of Cruelty, which none but ſuch thorow-pac'd Villains ever excuted) for when the long † Parliament had voted an Houourable Interment for their late Prince, who had ſuffer'd ſo unjuſtly, all was ſtopt, by reaſon that the Perſons order'd to regulate the Cerremony, when they came to examine the Royall Coffin, found the Body miſſing.

This puts me in mind of what a worthy Gentleman, who Travell'd with my Lord *A*——into *Italy*, told me ſome years ago, *viz.* that during his ſhort ſtay at *Bearn* in *Switzerland*, a Syndic of the Town, who uſed frequently to viſit Major General *Ludlow*, when he lived in thoſe Parts, aſſured him, that he had often heard *Ludlow*, in a vaunting manner, affirm, That tho' *Ireton* and *Cromwell* were buried under *Tyburn*, yet 'twas a Comfort to him, that the Royal Martyr

* Dr. *Wagſtaff.* † See Dr. *Nalſon's Preface to the Kings Tryal.*

kept

kept them company; for, says he, foreseeing that his Son would undoubtedly come in, we took care that his Father's Body should not be Idolatrously worshipped by the *Cavaliers*; and therefore privately remov'd it to the place of Common Execution.

Whether the Matter of Fact, as *Ludlow* related it, be true or false, 'tis not materal here to enquire; tho' I think nothing can give any honest Man a juster and greater Aversion to the Libertines of that Party, than to observe that their Malice has no Bounds, and that it neither spares the Dead nor the Living.

But of all the Indignities offer'd to the *Manes* of this injur'd Prince, nothing in my Opinion comes up to the Inhumanity and Prophaness of the **Calves Head** Clubb.

For my part, I was of Opinion at First, that the Story was purely contriv'd on purpose to render the *Republicans* more odious than they deserv'd; for I cou'd not imagine how any Men that pretended to be *Christians*, or call'd themselves *Englishmen*, cou'd calmly, and sedately Applaud an Action, condemn'd not only by the Word of GOD, but by the Laws of the Land, to which they pretend to pay so great a Deference.

As for the Regicides, who were actually concern'd in this excrable Tragedy, this may be said however in Favour of them (if I may be allow'd so to express my self towards Criminals of that Magnitude) that having gone so far in their Wickedness, and given His Majesty such insupportable Provocations, and, what is more, Measuring his Clemency by their own, they concluded he cou'd never forgive them; and therefore like *Catiline*, found themselves under the

the Neceſſity of committing greater Crimes, in order to cover themſelves from what was paſt.

But what can be offer'd to extenuate the Crime of theſe Atheiſtical Miſcreants, who make That a Matter of their Lewd Mirth, which the whole Nation has, in the moſt Solemn Manner, ever ſince lamented, and over their Cups applauded the moſt wicked Action which the Sun ever beheld?

For this Reaſon my good Nature made me look upon it as a Fiction upon the Party, till happening in the late Reign, to be in the Company of a certain Active Whigg, who in all other Reſpects, was a Man of probity enough; he aſſured me, that to his Knowledge 'twas true; that he knew moſt of the Members of that Clubb; and that he had been often invited to their Meetings, but that he had always avoided them: Adding, that according to the Principles he was bred up in, he wou'd have made no ſcruple to have met *Charles* the Firſt, in the Field, and oppos'd him to the utmoſt of his Power; but that ſince he was Dead, he had no further Quarrel to him, and looked upon it as a cowardly piece of Villany, below any Man of Honour, to inſult upon the Memory of a Prince, who had ſuffer'd enough in his Life Time.

He farther told me, that *Milton*, and ſome other Creatures of the Commonwealth, had inſtituted this Clubb, as he was inform'd, in Oppoſition to Bp. *Juxon*, Dr. *Sanderſon*, Dr. *Hammond*, and other Divines of the Church of *England*, who met privately every 30*th January*; and, tho' it was under the Time of the Uſurpation, had compil'd a private Form

of Service for the Day, not much different from what we now find in the Liturgy.

That after the Reſtauration, the Eyes of the Government being upon the whole Party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of Precaution; but now ſays he, (and this was the Second Year of King *William*'s Reign) they meet almoſt in a Publick Manner, and apprehend nothing.

By another Gentleman, who, about Eight Years ago, went out of meer Curioſity to ſee their Clubb, and has ſince furniſh'd me with the following Papers, I was inform'd, that it was kept in no fix'd Houſe, but that they remov'd, as they ſaw convenient; that the Place they met in when he was with 'em, was in a blind Ally, about *Moorfields*, where an Ax hung up in the Club-Room, and was Reverenced, as a Principal Symbol in this Diabolical Sacrament. Their Bill of Fare, was a large Diſh of *Calves-heads* dreſſed ſeveral ways; a large *Pike* with a ſmall one in his mouth, as an emblem of Tiranny; a large *Cods-head*, by which they pretended to repreſent the Perſon of the King ſingly, as by the *Calves-heads* before, they had done him, together with all them that had ſuffer'd in his Cauſe; a *Boars-head* with an *Apple* in its Mouth, to repreſent the King by this as Beſtial, as by the others they had done Fooliſh and Tyrannical. After the Repaſt was over, one of their Elders preſented an *Eikon Baſilike*, which was with great ſolemnity Burn'd upon the Table, whilſt the Anthems were Singing. After this, another produc'd *Milton*'s *Defenſio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all lay'd their Hands, and made a Proteſtation in form of an Oath, for ever to ſtand by, and mentain the Company wholly conſiſted of *Independants* and

and *Anabaptists* (I am glad for the Honour of the *Presbyterians* to set down this Remark) that the Famous *Jerry White*, formerly Chaplin to *Oliver Cromwell*, who no doubt on't, came to sanctify with his Pious Exhortations, the Rebbaldry of the Day, said Grace; that after the Table-Cloth was removed, the Annaversary *Anthem*, as they impiously call'd it, was sung, and a Calves-Skull fill'd with Wine or other Liquor, and then a Brimmer went about to the Pious Memory of those worthy Patriots that had kill'd the Tyrant, and deliver'd their Country from his Arbitrary Sway; and lastly, a Collection made for the Mercenary Scribler, to which every Man contributed according to his Zeal for the Cause, and abillity of his Purse.

I have taken care to set down what the Gentleman told me, as faithfully as my Memory wou'd give me leave; and I am persuaded that some Persons that frequent the *Black-Boy* in *Newgate Street*, as they knew the Author of the following Lines, so they know this Account of the *Calves-Head Clubb* to be true.

Now I will appeal to any unprejudiced *Englishman*, whether such shameful Assemblies ought not to be suppress't with the utmost Diligence.

Let us Consider them either in Relation to the Christian Religion we profess, or to common Humanity and good Manners, or lastly, to the Laws of the Land, and they affront all equally.

Therefore I hope the Magestrates, and others whom it Concerns, will take Care, especially now since they have the Countenance of the Covernment, to prohibit, as far as in them lies, and detect these wicked

Meetings,

Meetings, that the Perſons there Aſſembling, may be puniſh'd as they deſerve.

Tho' no Man abominates Perſecution more than my Self, yet I will venture to ſay, that a Set of People, who with the Subverſion of our Eccleſiaſtical and Civil Eſtabliſhment (as appears by the following Papers) ought to expect no Quarter from our Hands.

An-

Anniverſary Anthem, 1693.

1.

ONce more my Muſe, reſume thy chearful Lire,
Let this Days Acts Eternal Thoughts inſpire:
Let every ſmiling Glaſs with Mirth be Crown'd,
While Healths to *Englands* Native Rights go round.
☞ One *ſuch another* Day as this alone,
Wou'd fully for a Nation's Sins attone.
'Tis a ſure Symptom that the People's bleſt,
When once a Haughty Tyrant's diſpoſſeſt.
Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd, and all the Tuneful Nine,*
Rejoice, and in the Solemn Chorus joyn.

2.

Again my Muſe, immortal *Brutus* ſing,
Whoſe daring Sword expell'd a Tyrant King:
Then bravely fought, and bravely overcame,
To give *Rome* Freedom and Eternal Fame.
Such Force has Liberty, ſuch conquering Charms,
That the whole World ſubmitted to their Arms.
What Wreaths ſhall we prepare, and how Rehearſe
His laſting Worth in Everlaſting Verſe?
Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd*, &c.

3.

Triumphant Laurels too muſt Crown that Head,
Whoſe Righteous Hand ſtruck *England*'s Tyrant Dead:
The *Heroes* too, adorn'd with Blood and Sweat,
Who forc'd th' oppoſing Monſter to Retreat.

Heaven ſtill before a leading Angel ſent;
They Conquer'd, cauſe they on his Errand, went.
Like the *Iſraelites* of old, their Chains they broke,
Guided by Pillars both of Fire and Smoke.
Chor. Apollo's pleas'd &c.

4.

'Tis Force muſt pull a lawleſs Tyrant down;
But give Men knowledge, and the Prieſt's undone.
When once the lurking Poiſon is deſcry'd,
His Juggling Tricks are all in vain apply'd.
In vain he Whines, in vain he Cants and Prayes,
There's not a Man believes one word he ſays:
* 'Tis true, Religion is the Grand pretence;
But Power and Wealth's the Mythologick ſence.
Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd, &c.*

5.

Then fill the longing Glaſs with ſprightly Wine,
Our Cauſe is Juſtice, and the Health's Divine.
The Heroes Smile, and our Delights approve,
Which adds new Joys to thoſe they find above:
'Twas ſo they Honour, ſo they Conqueſt ſought;
Thus fairly Drank, and then as fairly Fought.
They love to ſee us thus our Homage pay,
And bleſs the Juſt occaſion of the Day.
Chor, Apollo's *pleas'd, &c.*

---

* *Theſe two Lines are almoſt verbatim ſtolen of a Copy of Verſes in the* State Poems. *Vol.* 1.

*Anniverſary * Anthem*, 1694.

1.

THE Storm is blown over, the Tempeſt is paſt,
The Tyrant is fallen, and is Conquer'd at laſt.
Our Fathers reſolv'd it, and bravely 'twas done,
To ſave the whole Kingdom by Lopping the Crown.
By her Looks we diſcover'd the Nation was pleas'd,
Her Fears were all vaniſh'd, her Troubles were eas'd;
☞ Whilſt we Yearly commend an *Attempt* ſo *Divine*,
And applaud the Juſt Action with Calves-Head and Wine.
Chorus.

2.

Thus *Rome* when She ſuffer'd by Seven * lewd Kings,
That Shackled Her Freedom, and Pinion'd Her Whings,
Long Time ſhe ſet mournful, as *England* had done,
And bow'd to the Weight of a Tyranous Throne;
Till urg'd with new Griefs, She for *Liberty* cry'd,
And *Lyberty* Round the glad Eccho reply'd;
Whilſt *Brutus* reſolv'd to give *Tarquin* his Doom,
And offer a King to the Welfare of *Rome*.
Chorus.

3.

When by Tyrant's endeavours the Peple are preſt,
Let this Noble Example inſpire every Breaſt,

---

* *This ſeems to be a Parodie of a Song in the* Innocent Adultery, *call'd the* Danger is over. * *Our Author was an admirable Hiſtorian, I find. This Epithet of* Lewd, *can fit none of 'em but* Tarpuin; *but all Kings are alike Criminal*; i. e. *they are Kings.*

With

With the ſame Reſolutions to defend the *Good Cauſe*,
The Subjects Juſt Rights, their Religion and Laws.
Then fill the Calves Cranium to a Health ſo Divine,
The *Cauſe*, the *Old Cauſe* ſhall ennoble our Wine;
Charge briskly around, fill it up, fill it full,
'Tis the Laſt and Beſt Service of a Tyrannick Scull.

4.

Then Boys let's drink a Bumper, ſince their Actions
(made us great,
Let us lay our Trophies at their Feet:
The Cauſe gave Courage to the Soldiers, taught them
(how their Foes to beat,
That alone cou'd free a Captiv'd State.

5.

Then to Puſs Boys, to Puſs Boys,
Let's drink it off thus Boys,
As our Fathers did, and the World ſhall us adore;
It's happier to dye Boys,
Then in Slavery to lye Boys;
Thus the Heroes choſe it, and bravely died before.

Anniverſary

Anniverſary Anthem, 1695.

1.

WHat the Devil means all this pother
On this Day more than another?
See! the Sot to Church reels out,
See! the Leacher leaves his Whore;
The Rogues, that never pray'd before,
Are grown moſt plaguily Devout.

2.

Prethee Parſon, why thoſe Faces,
Pious Frowns and Damn'd Gramaces?
Why ſo many Creeds and * Maſſes,
Collects, Leſſons, and the reſt
Of the Holy Garbidge dreſt,
Proper Food for mumbling Aſſes?

3.

Oh! Sir, it's a Debt, they ſay,
Mother Church muſt Yearly Pay
To her Saints Canonization:
It was the Day in which he fell
☞ A Martyr to the * *Cauſe of Hell*,
Juſtly Crown'd with Decollation.

---

* *The uſual name that theſe impudent Sons of* Belial *beſtow upon our Holy Liturgy.*

* *See what Virtuous Principles theſe pretended Saints are of! That call the King's Heroick Suffering for the Laws of the Land, the Liberties of the People, the Conſtitutions of Parliaments, and the Eſtabliſhed Church, Falling for the* Cauſe of Hell. *Oh! Execrable Monſters.*

4.

Mirth for us, and generous Wine;
Let the Clergy Cant and Whine,
Preach and prate about Rebellion.
☞ *No more* * *Beasts of K—s, good Heaven!*
Such as late in Wrath were given,
Two Curst Tyrants, and a Stallion.

5.

May the Banish'd *Tarquin's* Fate,
Be as Just, but not so Great;
Some Mean shameful Death attend him:
May Curs'd *Lewis* for Old Scores,
Turn him poorly out of Doors;
Then may some friendly Halter end him.

---

* *A most admirable Prayer! 'Tis easie to Nick-name 'em Beasts; and there's an end of them all.*

An Anthem on the 30th of January, 1696.

THere was a King of *Scottiſh* Race, a Man of Muckle
(might a,
Was never ſeen in Battles Great, but greatly he would
(Sh ——a ;
This K. begot another K. which made the Nation ſad a,
Was of the ſame Religon an Atheiſt like his Dad a :
This Monarch wore a Picked Beard, and ſeem'd a
(Doughty Hero,
As *Diacleſian* Innocent, and as Merciful as *Nero*.
The Churches darling Implement, but Scourge of all the
(People,
He Swore he'd make each Mother ſon Adore there Idol
(Steeple :
But they preceiving his deſigns, grew plaugy ſhy and jea-
(lous
☞ And timely chopt his *Calve*'s head off, and ſent him to
(his fellows.
Old * *Rowly* did ſucceed his Dad, ſnch a King was never
(ſeen a
He'd lye with every naſty Drab, but ſeldom with his
(Queen a.
Reſtleſs, and hot he roul'd about the Town from Whore
(to Whore a,
A Merry Monarch as e'er liv'd, yet Scandalous and poor a.

---

* *A very fine Caracter this of a merciful Prince, who reſtor'd us to our ancient Government and Liberties : But this ſhews the Gratitude of this Faction.*

His Dogs at Council-Board wou'd ſit, like Judges in their
(Furs a,
'Twas hard to ſay which had moſt Wit, the Monarch or
(his Curs a.
At laſt he died, we know not how, but moſt think by
(his Brother,
His Soul to Royal *Tophet* went to ſee his Dad and Mother.
The furious *James* Uſurp'd the Throne, to pull Religion
(down a;
But by his Wife and Prieſt undone, he quickly loſt his
(Crown a.
To *France* the wandring Monarch's trudg'd, in hopes re-
(lief to find a,
Which he is like to have from thence, even when the
(D——'s blind a.
Oh! how ſhou'd we Rejoyce and Pray, and never ceaſe
(to Sing a.
☞ If * *Biſhops* too were chac'd away, and Baniſh'd with
(their *King* a:
Then Peace and Plenty wou'd enſue, our Bellies wou'd
(be full a,
The enliven'd Iſle would Laugh and Smile, as in the days
(of * *Noll* a.

---

* *Thus we find that the Subverſion of the Monarchy is not the only thing this Party aims at, but likewiſe that of the Hierarchy, which muſt both expire together:* So *that tho' ſome Writers in the Reign thought fit to ridicule that ſaying,* of No King, no Biſhop, *as abſurd and inconſequential, yet our Fathers lived to ſee it verified; and I heartily wiſh their Poſterities may never ſee the Expe iment made the ſecond Time.*

* *The Reader is deſired to obſerve how inconſiſtently theſe Libertines act to themſelves, who can celebrate the bloody and calamitous Reign of an* Uſurper, who trampled upon that very Republick, of which they boaſt ſo much.

An Anthem on the 30th of January, 1697.

1.

TOuch, now touch the Tuneful Lyre,
Make the joyful Strings resound;
The Victory's at last entire,
With the Royal Victim crown'd.

2.

The happy Stroke did soon recover,
What we long had sought in vain,
Thus *Ariadne* lost her Lover,
But the Gods reliev'd her Pain.

3.

'Tis was an Action just and daring,
Nature smil'd at what they did,
When our Fathers nothing fearing,
Made the haughty Tyrant bleed.

4.

They their Sons thus well obliging,
Taught us how this Day to keep,
Who by Fighting, Storming, Sieging,
Lay'd the Ravening Wolf a-sleep.

5.

England long her wrongs sustaining,
Prest beneath her burdens down,

Chose a set of Heroes daring,
To Chastise the Haughty Crown.

6.

Thus the *Romans*, whose beginning
From an equal Right did spring,
Abhorring *Romulus* his sinning,
To the Gods transferr'd their King.

7.

Let the * *Black Guard* rail no further,
Nor Blaspheme the Righteous Blow;
Nor miscall that Justice *Murther*,
Which made *Saint* and *Martyr* too.

8.

They and We this Day observing,
Differ only in one thing,
They are Canting, Whining, Starving;
We Rejoycing, Drink and Sing.

9.

Advance the Emblem of the Action!
Fill the *CALVE's SKULL* full of Wine,
Drinking ne'er was counted Faction,
† Men and Gods adore the Vine.

---

* *What Religion these Incendiaries are of, appears by giving the Loyal and Orthodox Sons of the best establish'd Church in the World such Ignominious nick-names.*

† *Admirable Doctrine in the Mouths of Hypocrites, that pretend to so much Sanctity.*

To

10.

To the Heroes gone before us,
Let's renew the flowing Bowl,
Whilst the Luſtre of their Glories,
Shine like Stars from Pole to Pole.

FINIS.

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